And in wearing, thou ſhalt haue me better and better,
Thou ſhalt haue a face that is not worth ſun-burning.
But dooſt thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint *Denis*,
And Saint *George*, ſhall get a boy,
That ſhall goe to *Conſtantinople*,
And take the great Turke by the beard, ha *Kate*?
Kate. Is it poſſible dat me ſall
Loue de enemie de *France*.
Harry. No *Kate*, tis vnpoſſible
You ſhould loue the enemie of *France*:
For *Kate*, I loue *France* ſo well,
That Ile not leaue a Village,
Ile haue it all mine: then *Kate*,
When *France* is mine,
And I am yours,
Then *France* is yours,
And you are mine.
Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.
Harry. No *Kate*,
Why Ile tell it you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married Husband.
Let me ſee, Saint *Dennis* be my ſpeed.
Quan *France* et mon.
Kate. Dat is, when *France* is yours.
Harry. Et vous ettes amoy.
Kate. And I am to you.
Harry. Douck *France* ettes a vous?
Kate. Den *France* ſall be mine.
Harry. Et Ie ſuyues a vous.
Kate. And you will be to me.
Har. Wilt beleeue me *Kate*? tis eaſier for me
To conquer the kingdome, thē to ſpeak ſo much
More French.

Kate. A your Maieſty has falſe *France* inough
To deceiue de beſt Lady in *France*.
Harry. No faith *Kate* not I. But *Kate*,
In plaine termes, do you loue me?
Kate. I cannot tell.
Harry. No, can any of your neighbours tell?
Ile aske them.
Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.
And ſoone when you are in your cloſſet,
Youle queſtion this Lady of me.
But I pray thee ſweete *Kate*, vſe me mercifully,
Becauſe I loue thee cruelly.
That I ſhall dye *Kate*, is ſure:
But for thy loue, by the Lord neuer.
What Wench,
A ſtraight backe will growe crooked.
A round eye will growe hollowe.
A great leg will waxe ſmall,
A curld pate proue balde:
But a good heart Kate, is the ſun and the moone,
And rather the Sun and not the Moone:
And therefore *Kate* take me,
Take a ſouldier: take a ſouldier,
Take a King.
Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou haue me?
Kate. Dat is as pleaſe the King my father.
Harry. Nay it will pleaſe him:
Nay it ſhall pleaſe him *Kate*.
And vpon that condition *Kate* Ile kiſſe you.
Ka. O mon du Ie ne voudroy faire quelke choſſe
Pour toute le monde,
Ce ne poynt votree fachion en fouor.
Harry. What ſaies ſhe Lady?
Lady. Dat it is not de faſion en *France*,
For de maides, before da be married to